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THE LAST FAREWELL: FUNERAL OF HENRY IRVING.



Yesterday Sir Henry Irving was laid to his final rest in Westminster Abbey beside his great forerunner, Garrick. The pictures show—(1) The last portrait of Sir Henry Irving; (2) Lady Irving entering the Abbey with her sons, Mr. H. B. Irving (in the centre) and Mr. Laurence Irving (on the left); (3) reading from left to right are Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. A. W. Pinero, who acted as pall-bearers; (4) on the right, Sir William Carrington, who represented the Prince of Wales, and on the left the Lord Mayor, Sir John Pound; (5) Mr. George Grossmith, sen., and Mr. George Grossmith, jun. (descending from a cab).—(Window and Grove.)

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

Sad and Memorable Scene in Westminster Abbey.

LADY IRVING PRESENT

Striking Testimony of Public Affection and Regret.

Solemnly and beautifully the last rites were performed yesterday over the ashes of Sir Henry Irving.

The funeral service in Westminster Abbey was attended by numbers of the most distinguished people of the day.

The King and the Prince of Wales were both represented, and the Queen sent a wreath for remembrance "with deepest regret."

The coffin in which the urn containing the ashes had been placed now lies in a grave in Poets' Corner, close to the monument of Shakespeare, whose plays he interpreted so constantly and so well.

THE ABBEY SERVICE.

BY H. HAMILTON FYFE.

It is not often that my Shakespearean calendar chances upon a quotation fitting an event of the day, but the lines it gave yesterday harmonised exactly with the thought that was uppermost in many minds.

This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

It would have been impossible to choose a better motto for the day of Irving's funeral. The beautiful words rang insistently in my ears as I drove in the crisp October morning air to Westminster Abbey. How exactly he whose ashes we were to commit to hallowed ground had obeyed the injunction laid upon Laertes by Polonius, "To thine own self be true." That was just what Henry Irving was, true to himself, to his ideals, aspirations, aims; never slackening the effort to attain perfection; never sacrificing his own high standard of the art he followed either to the chance of greater profit or to the changeful caprices of the world.

It was this steadfastness which made Irving great. It was this which made the leading men of the age petition for a resting-place in the Abbey. It was this which gathered round about the Abbey doors a sorrowful crowd, not of mere spectators, but of mourners, mourners as reverent in bearing and as truly touched by the spirit of grief as those who passed within the walls.

IMPRESSIVE AND OPPRESSIVE.

A very early hour saw this silent crowd beginning to grow, and it grew larger every moment. Its silence was impressive and oppressive. Nobody spoke above a whisper. Even the police who lined the approaches to the Abbey subdued their usual tone of authority. A continuous murmur, as of a swarm of bees, filled the air, and ever and again the great bell of the Abbey gave out a sonorous slowly-dying note, which fell on the listening ear like clouds upon a coffin-lid.

Passing into the mouldering cloisters, which had been trodden by the feet of Harold and Edward the Confessor, one seemed to have stepped into a garden. It was like a dream to find these immemorial stones in chill October covered with a wealth of glorious blooms. The scent of them was heavy in the cloister air. There were many costly tributes from wealthy and titled people, but here and there, too, nestling among them were humble little nosegays, bought for a few pence by old frequenters of Lyceum pit and gallery. Irving would have valued these gifts as dearly as the widow's mite was prized.

A FAMOUS CONGREGATION.

The two things which made the greatest impression on me, as I entered the Abbey by the door in Poets' Corner, were the absence of crowding and the absolute stiffness in which the vast congregation sat, waiting. All was done decently and in order. Every well-known player in London seemed to be there, acting as steward with a white rosette, and they did their duty in a most helpful and sensible way.

Upon the benches and in the pews one saw, among the hundreds of familiar faces of men and women distinguished in all the activities of life, numbers of the humbler members of the profession to which Henry Irving gave so many lessons in seriousness and self-respect. One saw, too, some of those who are proud to have been associated with him in a fowling capacity still. Dressers, scene-shifters, property men, commissioners—

they all had their recollections of the kindness and unflinching courtesy of "the chief."

So we sat waiting, while the six candles around the violet-covered bier flickered yellow in the sunlight which came filtering through the reds and yellows of the great rose window. Looking upwards the eye escaped the too insistent monuments, the stiff, ungainly attitudes, frozen into marble, of nonentities of the past. It fitted one's frame of mind better to follow the lines of the majestic arches, springing joyously heavenwards, till all became dark and mysterious in the gloom of the vaulted "lanterns."

The organ sent a throbb of muffled music through the grey aisles. The passing bell above changed piteously at minute intervals. Before the altar, with its candles and its frontal of violet—the colour of grief—stood the bier. We were waiting—"waiting for Irving."

How familiar the phrase seemed! How often before had we sat waiting for him—waiting for the romantic dignity of his presence on the stage, for the stirring magic of his voice. It seemed tuncal somehow, this funeral scene. It was hard to believe in it.

HIS GREAT PERSONALITY.

Irving was so full of life, so constantly in the public eye. Poets and painters and men of science and even statesmen pass away without causing any definite break in our thoughts of them. Their personalities are little or nothing to us. But with Irving—why, his personality was everything. Irving died? Never to be seen more? It was hard, too hard, to realise.

Yet, hark!—far away could be heard the sound of sweet, clear, ringing boyish voices. He was coming then. The procession through the cloisters had started. Nearer and nearer came the singing:

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The happier life is there.

And just at that moment, as if to reinforce the message of the hymn, a burst of sunshine flooded the whole Abbey. Even the dim lantern caught some gleams of it. What had been dark and mysterious before was now made plain.

The glory caught all the faces turned towards the singing. They showed white against the glow of the painted windows, and the strained look of waiting upon them was intensified. The words of the hymn were distinct now. The bell tolled more persistently. It was true, then. It was real, all this. Nothing remained to mortal eye of Henry Irving but a handful of ashes, and they were bringing that up the nave now, to be committed into the keeping of God.

TENDERLY AND PITIFULLY.

It was a moment of intense feeling. Close by me stood an actress known to every playgoer as the embodiment of sparkling pertness and sentimental charm. Her eyes were full of tears. Her fingers grasped nervously the handful of lilies she had brought to cast into her old comrade's grave. Beside her stood her tall, soldierly friend, who has done good service in his country's cause. I shall think of her often as I saw her then. She was no longer an actress, but a woman—a woman weeping so tenderly, so pitifully, that she could not see the Prayer-book she held before her swimming eyes.

There were tears on many other cheeks. The number of women was unusual, and it was natural and beautiful that they should feel deeply the emotions of the scene. It was to be even more poignant yet. The wailing cadences of the sentences which open the Burial Service were now loud in our ears. One could see a cross held aloft, then came a clanging of rich vestments and surplices, and as the clergy took their places in the sanctuary the laurel-crowned coffin, with one cross upon it of green and gold and violet, was reverently laid upon the bier.

MOMENTARY HALLUCINATION.

It was then that there came to me a strange momentary hallucination. Our waiting was over. He for whom we waited had come. Not beneath the pall, but in the flesh. Irving himself stood there. It was not the Irving known to this generation. It was the young, slim, dark-haired Irving of the 'seventies, the Irving of the pre-Lyceum days. He followed close behind the coffin. His features were those of a young man, with a slight, confident shadow of recognition shined on him. The next moment brought actuality back with it. But never had the likeness between Mr. Harry Irving and his father been so vividly impressed upon me before.

With that eldest son, to whom we look with confidence to carry on the Irving tradition ("This above all; to thine own self be true") was his brother, Laurence. Close to them came Lady Irving and the dead man's daughters-in-law (Miss Dorothea Baird and Miss Mabel Hackney). Mr. Loveday and Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry's right and left hands, were far well-off, and Walter, his devoted body-servant, also found a place in that pathetic group.

For a few moments the coffin lay before the altar in perfect silence. This was broken by the chanting of the psalm. Before the echoes of the "Gloria" had died away among the pillars and arches the Sub-Dean, Canon Duckworth, a striking figure in his purple cope with gold ornament, began to read the lesson from the sanctuary steps. His voice rang out like a clarion. "Dear God, who is thy king? O God, where is thy victory?" with a triumphant

(Continued on page 4.)

AT WINDSOR.

Touching Tribute Paid to the Memory of Queen Victoria.

The French councillors spent a most interesting day yesterday at Windsor, the Castle, by the King's express desire, being thrown open to them.

The party journeyed by train to Staines, and thence by motor-car to Windsor, visiting on the way the Island of Runnymede, where Magna Charta was signed.

The guests were entertained at luncheon in a town hall by Sir William Shipley, Windsor's mayor, and afterwards visited the historic Castle.

With the greatest enthusiasm they threw themselves into the business of sightseeing, inspecting the priceless art treasures of the Castle with exclamations of admiration that they did not trouble to suppress.

From the Castle they walked to Frogmore Mausoleum, and stood for a time, with heads bowed and uncovered, before the tomb of Queen Victoria. In reverent whispers they spoke of the dead Queen, and the friendship she always displayed towards France, and which had survived her.

Afterwards they visited the cricket ground and the Long Walk, returning to London by a special train soon after five o'clock.

KAISER IN MOTOR SMASH.

Emperor William's Car Collides with a Fast Motor-Cab in Berlin.

BERLIN, Friday.—The "Tageblatt" states that last night as the Emperor William was returning to the Palace from the Cathedral, where he had been examining the decorative art work recently carried out, the motor-car in which his Majesty was driving collided with a motor-drosky which was travelling in the opposite direction at a smart pace.

The violence of the impact was considerably lessened by the drosky-driver making prompt use of his brake, and neither the Emperor nor any other person was injured.—Reuter.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S TOUR.

Received by the Widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson in North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE (North Carolina), Friday.—The cordial reception which Mr. Roosevelt received in Virginia on the first stage of his tour through the Southern States was recalled by that accorded to him in each of the seven cities of North Carolina which were visited yesterday.

An incident which afforded the President great pleasure was his reception on arrival at this city by a committee of ladies headed by the widow of the Confederate leader, General "Stonewall" Jackson. Before leaving here to resume the tour Mrs. Roosevelt sent Mrs. Jackson a huge bunch of roses.—Reuter.

"Stonewall" Jackson was a general of the Confederate forces in the American Civil War. He was killed through a mistake by his own men at the battle of Chancellorsville, 1863.

ARMED MAN AT A BANK.

Failing To Cash a Draft a Man Threatens the Clerks Through the Windows.

The cashier of a Nottingham bank had a most startling experience yesterday.

A man walked to the counter and presented a draft upon a South American bank for £200. Examinations showed it was a duplicate the original of which had already been cashed, so payment was refused, and the man, after abusing the officials, went out.

Shortly afterwards the clerks were alarmed to see the man aiming a double-barrelled gun at them from the pavement. The police were hastily telephoned for, and, arresting the man, found the gun loaded, and he had several more cartridges in his pocket.

He will be brought before the magistrates to-day as a wandering lunatic.

IMPERIAL LIBERAL.

Sir Edward Grey, addressing a large meeting of City electors in the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday, repudiated the idea that a change of Government in this country would mean an unwelcome change in their foreign policy.

No Liberal would wish the alliance between Great Britain and Japan to be changed.

JAPAN WANTS OPEN DOOR.

MELBOURNE, Friday.—Japan has requested that the education test for immigrants to Australia shall not apply in the cases of merchants, tourists, and scholars accredited by the Japanese Government.—Reuter.

Prince Charles Will Revive an Ancient Norwegian Title.

KING BY PLEBISCITE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHRISTIANIA, Friday.—It is now practically certain that Prince Charles of Denmark will be chosen as King of Norway, and that he will accept the Crown when it is proffered to him.

On ascending the throne he will assume the title of King Haakon the Seventh, thus perpetuating the ancient line of independent Norwegian kings.

The last king of the line, Haakon the Sixth, died as long ago as the year 1380. For more than 600 years Norway has had no king of her own, and the accession of the new monarch will be signalled by the most genuine public rejoicing.

The offer, however, is not likely to be made until the subject has been well thrashed out by the Cabinet and the Storting. It is a significant fact that M. Knudsen, the Minister of Finance, did not attend yesterday's secret meeting of the Storting, and he is believed to be in opposition to the Ministry on the subject of the proposed election.

The final settlement of the question is deferred until the arrival from Sweden of all the documents having reference to the partition. When all the necessary formalities have been complied with a plebiscite of the Norwegian people will be taken, this step being urged upon Norway by the Danish Cabinet.

PRINCE REACHES GENOA.

Royal Tourists Cheered by Italians, Who Decorate Town in Their Honour.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENOA, Friday.—In spite of the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales are travelling incognito, great preparations were made to greet their Royal Highnesses.

British flags are displayed all over the town, and all the ships in the harbour where the Renown lies are specially decorated in honour of the royal travellers.

Their Royal Highnesses arrived soon after five this afternoon, and amid loud cheers from enthusiastic crowds at once proceeded to their quarters on the Renown.

PERSECUTED PRINCESS.

Promises That Coburg Divorce Trial Will Lead to Sensational Revelations.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Princess Louise of Coburg, whose pending divorce proceedings are interesting the Courts of Europe, has declared in an interview that at the hearing of the case on October 26 at Coburg sensational revelations will be made.

"Everything will then be made plain," added the Princess, "and the world will understand the indignities I have suffered."

"I have consented to this course with reluctance, but it has been forced upon me. I have proofs of the bad faith of my enemies and of the endless calumnies which have made my life unbearable."

The interviewer begged that the Princess would indicate the nature of the revelations. "I cannot tell you now," she replied, "but I assure you that a full disclosure will be made at the trial."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The King and Queen were present at His Majesty's Theatre last evening and witnessed the performance of "Oliver Twist."

By the good offices of Spain there seems to be a probability of the release of the British officers captured by the Moors.

Valuable Dresden china sent by the Kaiser to President Roosevelt has been stolen from the cases on its way from Dresden to Hamburg and replaced by paving-stones.

Herr Knapp, of Essen, Germany, has opened negotiations with the Russian Government for the purpose of acquiring the Putloff Works and replacing the Russian workmen by Germans.

The French Ambassador to the United States and the Venezuelan Minister to that country discussed the difficulties between France and Venezuela at Washington yesterday, and a peaceable settlement between the two countries is likely to follow.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—North-easterly breeze; fair or fine generally; foggy in places; frosty at night.

Lighting-up time, 5.55 p.m.

Sea passages: will be moderate to smooth generally.

OF A MAD KING'S JEWELS.

Small Prices for the Relics of the
Royal Friend of Wagner.

TRAGEDY RECALLED.

Tragic memories were evoked and conflicting emotions stirred by the sale, conducted quietly in the auction rooms of Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley, London, yesterday, of eight lots of the jewels of Ludwig II., the mad King of Bavaria. There lay the chased gold bracelet designed by the King—who had a passion for jewellery of exquisite workmanship—as a symbolic memorial of Wagner, his great friend. Fantastic as were his acts, and tragic as was his end—he drowned himself and ended the life of his physician—it is chiefly on account of his connection with the great composer that his name will have a place in history. But for the precious help he gave, Wagner's legacy to the world might have been of much less consequence than it fortunately has been. The two enjoyed a rare communion of soul. Wagner has told how much the friendship inspired him; how the King was affected was shown in a weird and fantastic manner.

Stage Thunder and Lightning.

He would sit alone in his vast throne-room while a skilled orchestra would crash forth the wild music of Wagner, and stage thunder and windstorms rattled and roared.

Attached to this symbolic bracelet was a beautiful enamel of "Aurora," surrounded by large sapphires and brilliants, and four oval miniatures illustrating the notable scenes in Wagner operas:—Brünnhilde's Awakening, "Siegfried," Elizabeth's Prayer, "Tannhäuser"; Siegfried's Arrival on the Rhine, "Götterdämmerung"; and Lohengrin's Farewell, "Lohengrin." The bidding for it was only carried up to £200.

All the lots went at a comparatively small price, the total sum realised being £741.

A Holbein pendant of sapphires and emeralds and a necklace of similar design brought in £49, although the auctioneer suggested an opening bid of £50.

The sumptuous Court suite composed of a necklace adorned in gold-florentine ornaments, set with large sapphires, surrounded with brilliants, and encircled by diamond fleur-de-lis, was sold for £200.

A tiara designed as three roses of red enamel, one having a cabochon sapphire in the centre, was sold for £146; while a gold Latin cross, with fine enamel of the Saviour, the Madonna, St. John, and cherubim, realised £70.

ROMANCE OF A WINDFALL.

Faithful Maid, Though Blessed by Fortune,
Chooses a Poor Lover.

From the pleasant North Yorkshire village of Thirsk comes the story of a charming little romance. For several years a young woman faithfully served a wealthy maiden lady. To her surprise, when her mistress died she found herself the possessor of a charming house and grounds and a sum of over £1,000.

When the news of her good fortune spread she was, of course, besieged with lovers. But she had her own secret preference in this matter and obdurately refused all offers.

But one day the right man—a man of her own class—ventured to proclaim his passion. She at once accepted him, and shortly Thirsk will be the scene of a pretty wedding.

MOTORISTS FINED £218,000.

What Excessive Speed Costs English Automobileists in the Course of a Year.

Motorists paid £218,000 in fines in Britain last year.

This, calculates a writer in the "Autocar," averages nearly £10 per head for every car on the road in the year.

The sum is nearly as large as that which goes out of Britain every month to purchase foreign cars built with gears to comply with a law more elastic than our own.

SIN OF INSURING LIVES.

Declaring that he had been bidden in a vision to give up insurance as it bordered on gambling, one of the most successful insurance agents near Cefnauar, in Wales, where an attempt has lately been made to bring to life again the waning religious revival, has resigned his post.

"BRODRICK" CAPS TO STAY.

"Brodrick" caps are to be retained in the Army, a latter pattern of cap, the appearance of which has been awaited for months, having been considered unsuitable.

THE WORLD DOES HONOUR TO NELSON.

How the Centenary of the Great Battle of Trafalgar Will Be Kept.

CELEBRATIONS IN LONDON.

To-day, on the hundredth anniversary of that great victory the whole British Empire does honour to the memory of the hero of Trafalgar.

The day is being celebrated in every town and village throughout England, in all the great schools, and wherever the Union Jack flies in Greater Britain beyond the seas.

Great public gatherings will be held in London in—

Trafalgar-square at 2.30 p.m.
The Albert Hall at 2.30 p.m.
The Crystal Palace.
The Alexandra Palace.

Britons are not alone in glorying in Nelson's name. The sons of the men who so gallantly fought against him join to-day in praising the man who was their country's foe. The Paris "Figaro" yesterday showed that fame knows no frontiers by publishing a frank and generous tribute to the glorious memory of Admiral Nelson, in the course of which the writer said:—

"Like a retreating thunderstorm, the sleeping growth of cannon announced the termination of the combat. But the conqueror could not hear it. The rattle was in his throat. 'God,' my duty—these had been his last words. And while his comrades stood about him, helpless and silent, none among them saw, descending on the rays of the expiring sun, the dazzling chariot of triumph, come to carry away the 'King of the Sea.'"

HOW THE SEA KING DIED.

To-day, when the world unites to honour his memory, we may recall with a glow of pride this great Englishman's glorious end. Before going into action at Trafalgar his last prayer was:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no manhood anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours in serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen."

As was his unalterable custom on days of battle, he wore his full-dress uniform and the stars of his four Orders. Mr. Beatty, the chaplain of the Victory, had been deputed to remonstrate with him on thus rendering a life so valuable an especial mark for the fire of the enemy, but opportunity did not serve, and the remonstration would certainly have passed unregarded. He had already replied on a similar occasion: "In honour I gained them and in honour I will die with them!"

Collingwood in Action.

He allowed his prudence so far to conquer his courage as to permit Admiral Collingwood to open the battle. "See," he said, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action." Collingwood's remark, as he stood encircled by a ring of fire, was, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

His finest trait, the sterling humanity which distinguished him, was never more finely displayed than amid the tumult of his last battle. He would permit no riflemen in the tops and crow's nests of his fleet.

"Riflemen in the tops cannot influence the result of an engagement. It is murder, not warfare. I will not countenance it."

The murderous practice which Nelson discountenanced, of posting sharpshooters in the tops, was the cause of his death. The man who fired the fatal shot fell himself a moment later. Nelson dropped almost at the feet of his dearest friend, Captain Hardy.

"I Have Done My Duty."

"They have done for me at last," he said, and with his own splendid self-possession, drew his handkerchief over his face and decorations, that the crew might not be discouraged by the knowledge of his loss.

Carried to the midshipmen's berth, he bade the surgeons leave him to his fate, and to attend to the wounded men who still had a chance of recovery. As ship after ship of the fleet lowered his lowered his eyes to the sea, his face brightened, the agony he suffered was forgotten. When Hardy, detained on deck by duty, at last came down to him, his first words were, "How goes the day with us?" "Have any of our ships struck?" was his second query, and he smiled delightedly at Hardy's reply, "There was no fear of that."

Then, and then only, he spoke of himself. "I am a dead man; I am going fast. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all else belonging to me." Shot through the shoulder and the spine, he must have suffered horribly, but no pain could conquer his splendid sense of duty. Asked if Collingwood should take command of the fleet, he answered: "Not while I live." The news that

fifteen of the enemy had struck elated him greatly, but he said that he had "bargained for twenty." He said to the chaplain who stood beside him. "I have not been a great sinner"—and a little later, in a feeble voice, "Thank God I have done my duty." Those words, repeated again and again, were the last he spoke.

TO-DAY'S CELEBRATIONS.

The Poet Laureate has written:—

And if to-day our race recall
His last triumphant doom,
Place wreaths on his unfading pall
And flowers about his tomb.

And the whole nation pauses to-day to do honour to the greatest naval hero in the world's history. Opening with the centennial dinner given by the Fishmongers' Company last night, the London celebrations will continue until the close of the seafarer's service at St. Paul's on Monday evening.

The great public gathering in London in honour of Nelson will be the open-air demonstration in Trafalgar-square, and the ceremonies in the Royal Albert Hall, which commence the same hour—at 2.30 this afternoon.

At an early hour this morning the steepjacks completed their work of decoration on the Nelson Column, and the Union Jack and the Red, White, and Blue Ensigns were flown from the four corners of the capitol.

Wreaths and elaborate floral designs from all over the world have arrived in London, and will be placed about the column this morning.

Tributes from New Zealand and Japan.

From far-away New Zealand there is a cross of yellow chrysanthemums imbedded in a large block of ice.

Japan has sent a large shield bearing the letter "N," in violets on a ground of chrysanthemums. "N" in violets on a ground of chrysanthemums. "N" in violets on a ground of chrysanthemums. "N" in violets on a ground of chrysanthemums.

Nor will the sailors of the gallant enemy who went down at Trafalgar be forgotten; for wreaths in memory of the French and Spanish seamen will be given prominent places. At 2.30 the ensign in the column will be lowered to half-mast, and the famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," will be displayed in two hoists on the east and west sides of the column.

The services in the square will be opened by a prayer by the Right Rev. Bishop of Exeter, which will be followed by a recitation of Kipling's "Recessional" by Mr. Alexander Watson.

The ceremonies at the half will open with an organ recital at 2.30, followed by the singing of the "Old Hundred" by the audience and a prayer by the Rev. Canon Barker. Mrs. Tree will recite the "Recessional" at both the afternoon and evening services.

Here, at exactly 4.30, a hundred years from the moment when Lord Nelson breathed his last, an English lad will hoist the Union Jack to half-mast, and Mr. Ben Davies will sing the "Death of Nelson."

The proceedings will close with the hoisting of the Union Jack and the French Tricolour side by side.

Centenary Concert.

In the evening a centenary concert will be given under the patronage of the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. John Coates will sing "Twins in Trafalgar Bay."

Other events of the day will be: The presentation of Nelson to the Stock Exchange; the Nelson Centenary dinner at the Criterion Restaurant; the ceremonies on the training-ship Buzzard; and the Nelson fêtes at the Alexandra Palace (organised by the Editor of "Answers"), the Crystal Palace, and the Earl's Court Exhibition.

The Mayor of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has sent to the Navy League in London for a Nelson bust and Victory shields for 5,000 school-children. In New Zealand and Australia the day is being generally observed as a holiday, and in Hong Kong, Cape Town, Vancouver, and Toronto, the day will be highly celebrated.

To-morrow, Sunday will be observed by 30,000 churches throughout the kingdom with special services.

A national memorial service will be held at St. Paul's in the afternoon, at which the Bishop of Stepney will preach on "Lessons from the Life and Death of Nelson."

The Lord Mayor and sheriffs will attend this service, as will also the relatives of Nelson.

With all the world paying tribute to its hero, the old Victory floats proudly at anchor to-day draped in laurel leaves.

Wreaths have been placed at the spot on the deck where Nelson fell and at the cockpit where he died, and from the mast-head the famous signal snags in the breeze as it did a hundred years ago.

SIR HENRY IRVING LAID TO REST.

(Continued from page 3.)

thrill; it tuned the mind most fitly for the confident hope to which Tennyson gave such perfect expression in "Crossing the Bar."

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

The thought must have been in many minds, as it was in mine: Did he whom we mourned stand face to face with his Pilot now? If only all men could be as certain of it all their lives as Tennyson was in the mood which gave birth to those beautiful lines, the Kingdom of God on earth would be something far more real than a mystic's dream.

Now the last scene of all was at hand. The candles guttered and burnt low. The sunlight patched the ancient walls with brilliant light again. The clergy moved with slow and solemn step towards the open grave.

All I could see was the cross still carried aloft, after the bearer had reverently bowed before the altar. It moved along above the sea of heads, and the coffin seemed to take it for a guide, and to follow it in a glory of golden light, falling from the rose-window's myriad hues. I could see nothing but the coffin and the cross.

"Coriolanus" Music.

The music written for the counterfeited funeral rites of the Lyceum "Coriolanus," and now turned to use in sad earnest, died lingeringly away. A far-off voice could be heard, then the faint thud of falling earth, three times—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." One caught the sound of a sob. It was over. Henry Irving had been laid to rest.

All my recollection after this is of the joyous chords in a hymn of praise, the thunder and celestial melody of the Dead March in "Saul," and then the passing near the grave.

The coffin bore simply the words "Henry Irving, 1838-1905." There was no need of more. The best testimony to his fame was the long line of those passing by to pay tribute to his honoured memory. The masses of flowers sent from every quarter, including a magnificent wreath brought by two distinguished actors of the Comédie Française (easily to be picked out because they were evening dress), showed, better than any inscription could, how far that fame had spread and what depth of personal affection he inspired.

What Remained Behind?

Out at last in the busy streets again, treading the dying leaves, shivering at the chilly touch of the dying year. So Irving was really dead. Not until now had his death been real to me. Dead as the leaves, and as the year soon will be. And what remained behind?

Memories of his acting? Yes; but, better than those, far better, the record of his good fight towards nobles aims. "This above all: to thine own self be true." That is the message Irving's life enforced. That is the memory of him which will thrill and hearten those who come after. That is the part of him which cannot die.

H. HAMILTON FIVE.

THE QUEEN'S WREATH.

The inscription attached to the wreath which her Majesty sent was this:—

"To Sir Henry Irving, with deepest regret from the Queen. 'Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands.'"

VAULT AS RIFLE RANGE.

Lord Roberts To Open the Strangest Practice Ground in the World.

To-day Lord Roberts will open what is probably the most remarkable shooting range in the world.

Beneath St. Martin's Church, and running out under the churchyard and the neighbouring pathways, are hundreds of yards of vaults, and it is one of these old tunnels, twenty-five yards long, which has been fitted as a range.

There are forty members, keen young citizens, eager to become marksmen. Anxious to encourage this zeal, the council lent them one of the old vaults, and the National Rifle Association presented them with some Martini-Henry rifles. They bought the Morris tubes, and then, with the assistance and instruction of Mr. Welch, that famous old Navy man who is the lord of these sombre halls, the new range became an accomplished fact.

Mr. Welch himself made the little box from which the marker records the shots, and arranged the butts and the sheet-iron protection behind.

TOO PAIROIC.

A Swede advanced at the Thames Police Court yesterday a singular reason for smashing a lantern in Limehouse.

He saw the Norwegian flag displayed and, wishing to show that he disapproved it, he put his stick through it and the lantern.

SECRET LOVE TOLLS IN LETTERS.

Sentence of Five Years in the City Shooting Case.

ASTOUNDING STORY.

Strange Light on the Relations of Mrs. Franks and Her Assailant.

A deceived husband, a faithless wife, and a jealous lover—these were the three chief characters in the strange love tragedy unfolded at the Old Bailey yesterday.

When Mr. R. D. Muir opened the case against William Retz, the Hungarian charged with shooting Mrs. Franks in an office in Ludgate-circus, he said that the facts about to be revealed must be most painful to one person above all others—to the husband of the prosecutrix.

Then the counsel proceeded to read extracts from a series of letters which fully confirmed this statement. They demonstrated, as he said, that there could be no doubt as to the relations existing between the prosecutrix and the man accused of attempting to murder her. They threw a light upon the affair, which showed it to belong to a type more familiar to the French than the English criminal courts.

"Love and Kisses."

The first letter written by Mrs. Franks to the prisoner was undated. It ran:—

At last he (presumably her husband) is beginning to be jealous; not that he mistrusts, but he says that he is a fool to be so greedy and jealous. I say, "Yes, so you are."

Mr. Muir said the second letter, also undated, was of a very suggestive character. It read:—

How do you feel this morning?—I should have liked to go out with you this morning, but I know fully well I shall not be able.—Lots of love and kisses, from your loving KITTY.

In a third undated letter Mrs. Franks wrote:—
F. came in the other day. I showed him your postcard, and he inquired very kindly about you. Does he know anything about us, boy? I did not go to K—'s on Sunday, and K. was rotten with me for it on Monday.
Cheer up, my pet. Try and be happy. With lots of love and kisses, ever your loving KITTY.

Counsel then read the following series of letters showing the course of an intrigue of which Mrs. Franks, who was during this time living with his wife at Dalston, remained ignorant until after the tragedy.

14 Feb.
My dear darling,—I don't think it would be advisable to go there to-night. First of all, for your sake, and then it would hardly be the right thing to have a young thing like me in your virtuous room.

10 June.
Dear old boy,—How are you to-day, dear? You see I don't forget my boy. I enjoyed myself so much with you last night. Say, Kitty, why don't you go down to K—'s for a holiday and enjoy yourself? I do hope you sleep better, dear, and don't worry your dear old self. I want to see you looking well and perky on Tuesday. By the way, I hope you don't forget the arrangements.
Good-bye, pet, with much love and millions of kisses.
KITTY.

July 13.
How is business, boy? I hope it is good. I missed you fearfully, dear, and J— (the husband) and I have been having such tiffs, even to-night. I went round with me for a little stroll to-night, so I—got a fit, and called me the usual pet name.

"I Love You So."
July 17.
Oh, write me soon, pet. I would give much to have your lovely strong arms round my neck. Oh, my darling, I must not think too much about those days, because—Vi, yi, Rety.
Do be good, my pet. I do love you so much, Rety. I never realised how much you were to me until you were away.
With much love and—hundreds of kisses, always your own loving
KITTY.

July 25.
I do so hope you are good, dear. So often I think about you, darling, and wonder whether you are true.

I trust you, of course, but you are only a man, and when men are tempted they cannot always resist. They are not so strong as women. You are always in my thoughts and dreams.
Don't think I flirt, or ever see anyone else. . . . I wish I could hold your dear face in my hands and kiss it like I used to.

After having read these extracts Mr. Muir said that some others written by Retz to Mrs. Franks

were dated from the Continent, where Retz had been travelling, and read:—

Aug. 2.
I must tell you that lately I have very often had thoughts of jealousy, and it plagues and haunts me that you are forsaking me for some other chap. I cannot find a bit of consolation in your maxim that women are stronger than men. Women may just as well become victims to temptation as men.
So, my dear, do love me, for without your love my existence would not be worth a rap. . . . I fully realise the obstacles that stand between our definite alliance, and I shall wait for you ever so long, my darling, but some kind word of encouragement would help me such a lot to keep up my spirits.

A Jealous Man.

Aug. 6.
The silliest thoughts are crossing my mind. Perhaps J— has found you out, and prevents you from writing. Perhaps you have got tired of me; or, again, somebody has been telling you something, and you condemn me without hearing a word from me.

Oh, Kitty! Kitty! I am a boy no more, and should not like to appear ridiculous. But, for goodness sake, what is the reason of your mysterious silence?

Do you want to get rid of me, and am I tiring you? Or is only pity you had for me or even fear which made you say you loved me?

Aug. 7.
As regards your remark about No. 1, I guess you mean myself. But you know, dearest, that No. 1 to me is my darling little grass widow, which I should so much like to embrace and give her a good hug and a nice long kiss.

Mr. Muir then said it would be for Mrs. Franks, if she was not ashamed to go into the box, to tell the Court the truth in connection with the shooting. But he advised the jury not to put too much weight upon what she said.

Mrs. Franks, the pretty typewriter, then stepped into the witness-box and gave her evidence in a calm, collected fashion. She was wearing a long white cloak and a large brown hat, and carried a brown fur muff. The prisoner, as she made her appearance, sat down and turned his back towards her.

Mrs. Franks's Evidence.

Mrs. Franks admitted the relations between herself and the prisoner, and said that on the morning on which "the accident" happened the prisoner called at 12.30 p.m. and stayed until 1.30 p.m.

Mr. Muir: What accident?—When I heard the noise of an explosion.

Tell us what happened that morning. What was said?

Mrs. Franks hesitated, whereupon the Judge said: "You must tell us what occurred."

Mrs. Franks: He asked me to go away with him, and I said it could not be. He said he was miserable and was afraid he would commit suicide. But he did not say how he would commit suicide.

Mr. Muir: You are here to tell the whole truth. Exactly, this is what I am endeavouring to do," answered the witness calmly.

You say there is nothing else to tell?—Nothing more.

The Judge pressed her, but the witness said she had nothing more to say. She remembered nothing about the affair, except hearing a noise and finding herself bleeding on the landing.

Mrs. Franks said that she kept the letters which the prisoner had written to her at the office, and she returned them on the morning of the "accident" because Retz asked her to do so.

The Prisoner's Story.

The prisoner then went into the witness-box. He said he first became acquainted with Mrs. Franks in France some months ago, and a sincere attachment sprang up between them. He was on the Continent in June, and returned at the end of August. During his absence he corresponded with her. On the morning of September 6 he saw her at the office of Mr. Kennedy, in Ludgate-circus.

"I asked her to come away with me," he said. "I had often asked her. She refused. My recollection is very broken. I remember Mrs. Franks laughed at my suicide suggestion."

"The revolver was in my pocket, ready loaded. I looked at her and thought to myself this will be the last time I will ever see her. I was trembling all over. Mrs. Franks was turning towards the door. I pulled out the revolver and I was shaking. No sooner had I pulled it out than it started to rain. I cannot describe my feelings at the time. I was terrified. Mrs. Franks jumped up, and made for the door, and I rushed out."

"It was an accident. I am of a sentimental turn of mind, and I meant to commit suicide in her presence."

"The prisoner was found guilty of shooting with intent to murder, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

WIFE'S "PERMIT" TO ELOPE.

Charged at Willesden yesterday with having taken furniture worth £10 from her husband, Emily Morris produced the following "permit to elope":
"Dear Emily,—You can leave me and do anything you like. Only one favour I ask, leave the curtains up. Good-bye and God bless you.—Bill."
The case was dismissed.

Two persons were fined at Marylebone Police Court yesterday for diluting stout with water.

AGED WOMAN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR "MURDER."

PATHETIC SCENE.

This is one of the saddest cases it has been my lot to try, but we have to do our duty to the public and the law without reference to our feelings of sympathy. . . . I feel that this is a case in which there is no impropriety in saying that if the law is properly carried out and a verdict given, there is happily behind that a prerogative of mercy in the hands of the Crown.

These striking words were uttered by Mr. Justice Jelf yesterday at one of the most remarkable and pathetic murder trials that have taken place at the Old Bailey.

The accused was Mrs. Marian Seddon, who, despite her sixty-five years, carried herself with



Mrs. MARIAN SEDDON.

a certain stately dignity as she entered the dock to answer to a charge of murdering her husband, thirteen years her senior.

They lived at Mortlake. During their twelve years of married life their relations had been marked by touching affection. Bad luck, however, dogged them. Two confectionery shops they had been sought to convert into successes proved hopeless failures.

In September last matters reached a desperate pitch. All they had in the world was 30s., and a quarter's rent was nearly due.

Days of despair and nights of torturing sleeplessness intervened. Then one night the woman produced a bottle of acetic acid and belladonna, which had been bought to relieve her husband's rheumatism.

She poured some of the contents into a tumbler. "Are you going to take your share of it?" she asked. "There is nothing but this or the work-house."

We Have Taken Poison.

The husband agreed. They both drank some of the poison. The man died; the woman lived to become the central figure of one of the most pathetic scenes witnessed in a tragedy-shrouded court.

After taking the poison the woman went to see a neighbour. "Listen," she said calmly, "to what I have to say. I have not much longer to live. I have only 20s. See that we are buried decently. We have taken poison."

At yesterday's hearing defending counsel endeavoured to show that there was no conspiracy; the conspiracy requisite to support the capital charge—between the parties, but the jury, on evidence which the Judge described as "most clear according to the law of the land," returned a verdict of guilty.

The aged woman maintained an air of dignified composure as she was asked if she had anything to say. "Only," she replied in a low, unshaken voice, "that I did not murder my husband."

Then came the dread sentence of death, linked with the Judge's assurance that the jury's recommendation to mercy would be submitted to the Crown.

With eyes filled with tears, but with no lacking of courage, the sad, trouble-haunted, lone woman walked from the dock.

B.S.HOP AS SABBATH-BREAKER.

A good story is related by "Country Life" of the late Dr. Elliott, Bishop of Gloucester. Playing billiards one Saturday night with a peer, the Bishop reluctantly laid down his cue when the clock struck two, remarking: "It is now Sunday morning."

"Oh, that makes no difference now," said his host with a laugh, "I have already put back the clock an hour."

FEAST OF LAZARUS.

Five thousand of the poorest of London's "submerged tenth" will receive a meal of beef, potatoes, and cabbage at various centres when the "Feast of the City" is conferred on General Booth next Thursday.

Probably 1,000 Salvation Army officers will march with the General to the Guildhall Yard.

PROSECUTION WHICH MAY GIVE "IRISH" AN ADVANTAGE OVER "SCOTCH."

There is to be a revelation in the whisky trade. It is likely to be accompanied by a revival in the demand for "Irish," as it is alleged that "Scotch" has so deteriorated that there has been a decline in the demand and a corresponding increase, of significant dimensions, in the stocks in bond.

There seems to be a great fundamental reason for this. With a view to regaining lost ground, the Irish distilleries have been using only what is known as pot-still spirit, produced by natural distillation processes.

Such whisky can be properly described as whisky. Into the distillation of a considerable quantity of Scotch, however, there is introduced what is known as patent spirit, drawn from a variety of sources, such as potatoes, fish-bones, etc.

Now, some time ago there was a magisterial decision in regard to brandy that only wine brandy distilled in a pot still could be legally called brandy, and any other imitation should be labelled with the intimation that it contained patent spirit.

This is to be applied to whisky, and there is now pending a prosecution on these lines of Scotch whisky distillers in London next month.

"Pot-still" Irish whisky may, therefore, gain an ascendancy over the "patent" Scotch beverage, but it will only be a just sort of retaliation, for whereas in Scotland there are 171 distilleries, those in Ireland have fallen to twenty-five.

Dr. Wylie, chief of the United States Government labo-ories, who has been in London for the last few weeks, where he saw the American Ambassador on this question, has notified Somerset House that after November 1 next no whisky will be allowed into the United States unless fully described as to its composition and the respective quantities of pot still and patent spirit which it contains.

He has visited most of the Scotch and Irish distilleries personally, and told them plainly what action he proposes to take. This has been due to the great outcry in the American Press against Scotch whisky.

"SENDING OUT" FOR LIQUORS.

Important Decision Affecting a Long-Recognised Privilege of Restaurant-Keepers.

One of yesterday's decisions of the Manchester Stipendiary will attract the attention of restaurant-keepers throughout the country.

Although the proprietor of a café in that city had a licence to sell wine and beer, he was not allowed spirits. He, however, sent out for some to oblige a customer, and although it was shown that he made no profit out of the transaction, the magistrate held there had been an offence.

He only inflicted a fine of 2s. 6d. and costs, in view of the fact that the practice was general, and this was the first case.

The Stipendiary explained that this ruling would not take away the privilege of a restaurant-keeper, who had no liquor licence, to oblige his customers by sending out for alcoholic beverages, providing he made no profit out of the transaction.

BLIND JU TICE.

Another Confession of Crime for Which an Innocent Man Is Suffering.

On September 19 Richard Davison was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions to five years' penal servitude for stealing a gold watch and chain.

Yesterday Charles Holt, a young man of Spitalfields, appeared at Worship-street, accused, on his own confession, of the crime.

On behalf of the Home Office, Mr. Travers Humphreys explained that Davison had petitioned then, but, although he said he knew who was the culprit, he was persistent in his refusal to divulge the name.

One of the witnesses, known as "Curly," said that whenever a robbery took place where this one did—Paternoster-court—everyone soon knew about it.

Mr. Cluer: And you all hope to get something out of it—such as a glass of beer?

After Holt had again confessed to the crime he was committed to the sessions.

PROFITS OF BEGGING.

In ten minutes Frank Bennett called at twenty-seven houses in a Fulham street, and a constable who searched him at the end found 2s. worth of coppers in his pockets. This works out at about £1,500 a year. At West London yesterday the prisoner was remanded.

PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT CURE.

So many colds in the head have been caused by the sudden change of the weather that the automatic machines supplying eucalyptus at the London railway stations have had to be re-stocked every day, instead of once a week.

SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

PERILS OF CELLULOID.

Further proof of the danger lurking in celluloid combs; even though the comb does not come in contact with a flame, is provided by the experiences of two women, one in America, the other in the north of England. The latter was sitting reading before the fire when the heat ignited the comb she was wearing. Her head was enveloped in flames, and she died from the severity of the burns. The American woman had a terrifying experience, but escaped death. Dressing her hair with one of these combs the friction caused the celluloid to ignite, and she was seriously burned before her friends could come to her aid.

"Gagged" by President Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, has found it necessary to "gag" the members of his Cabinet, many of whom have been communicative to the point of indiscretion in giving information to enterprising American reporters. He has intimated that hereafter they must not disclose, directly or indirectly, any matter under consideration at Cabinet meetings, nor any action contemplated by the Administration. Each Cabinet officer is admonished that he must not show weakness in dealing with newspaper men, or let his good nature impel him to talk about Government affairs. Special reference is also made to such unseemly occurrences as the spectacle of Cabinet members giving news to correspondents in public.

Uniforms for Omnibus Conductors.

The contrast between the appearance of the uniformed conductors of electric trams and motor-omnibuses and the conductors of horse-drawn omnibuses is so marked, that it is felt the time has arrived for the latter to be put into uniforms. It is rumoured, moreover, that several omnibus companies are going to take this step. A suggestion has been made that the companies should employ boys in buttons instead of the—in many cases—very seedy-looking individuals who now stand guard on the steps. The wages offered are insufficient to attract really smart men, but quite tempting enough to bring a supply of capable boys.

New Use for Picture Postcards

A man of original methods, Mr. Michael McKenna, the Chicago Democratic leader, has introduced a new development of the political campaign by picture postcard. Recently he came over to Europe for a pleasure trip and brought with him a list of 2,000 electors in his ward at Chicago. From each of the five countries—Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, and the United Kingdom—which he has visited he has dispatched a picture postcard to each of these electors, and the mantelpieces of the poor Irish of Chicago have quite a cosmopolitan appearance.

Short-Sighted Fies.

The housefly, which a French scientist has been denouncing as one of the greatest enemies of mankind, is, like the wasp, very short-sighted. Although it has a pair of compound eyes, each having hundreds of facets, giving it the power of seeing in all directions at once, it is yet unable at the distance of an inch to distinguish a tack head, bit of black worsted, or other such object, or even a dead and desiccated fly lying on its back with legs in air, from one of its own kind standing upright and alive.

Autographed Bed Quilt

There has just been completed for a bazaar which Princess Henry of Battenberg will open at Darling-ton next week a remarkable quilt, made of white linen worked in squares with gold silk on a gold foundation. The central square has worked on it the autograph of Princess Henry of Battenberg, surrounded by a coronet. Each of the other squares contains the actual autograph of a celebrity, the signatures having been obtained written on the material and afterwards worked in in gold.

Always Room for American Money

Some Englishmen think there are too many Americans in London. There is, however, no complaint of a superabundance of American money there.—Chicago Record Herald.

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LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

There are 790 Freshmen, including sixty-seven Rhodes scholars, at Oxford this term. New College heads the list with sixty-four, and Marcon's Hall is at the foot with one.

Mr. Auguste Frick, for three years manager of the Midland Hotel, Bradford, where Sir Henry Irving died, has been appointed to a similar post at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras.

Miss Marie Lloyd hopes to be back to the footlights with two new songs on Monday. She is rapidly recovering her "singing voice," which she lost in a dramatic manner in trying to rehearse a new song.

To secure representation of farmers on local authorities and directly in Parliament is the object of the proposed new agricultural party in connection with which a conference was held in Darlington yesterday.

"Have you come straight from Wellesley-road to the court?" asked Judge Bacon at Bloomsbury County Court yesterday of a defendant who had evidently lunched freely. "As straight as I could," was the response.

Grangetown-in-Cleveland, in the North Yorkshire Ironstone district, possesses a handsome Roman Catholic church, which has just been built by the priest and a large staff of workmen who gave their services free.

For his gallantry in rescuing from drowning a Portuguese Customs official at Pernambuco, Fireman Woodworth, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's ship Teviot, has been publicly presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal by the Mayor of Smethwick (Staffordshire).

Information is sought as to the whereabouts of a young lady, aged seventeen, who has not been seen since she left her home at Whetstone on Wednesday to go to Hadley. She is 5ft. 2in. high, well built, has a round face and brown hair, and was wearing a blue serge skirt and jacket.

What appeared to be half a sovereign, but which proved to be a gilded farthing, was tendered for a 10s. postal order by Annie Flaxman, waitress, in the Harrow-road Post Office. She was overtaken, and yesterday sentenced to six months' imprisonment at the Old Bailey.

An old man, who said he was a Crimean veteran, told Mr. Plowden at Marylebone yesterday that he could not live on his pension of 9d. a day, and asked advice. "You cannot do anything more foolish than come to me," was Mr. Plowden's reply.

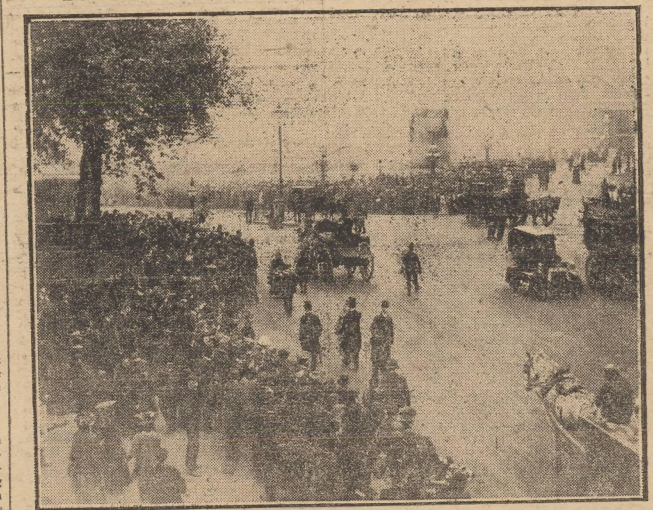
Arrangements are being made by the executive council of the Metropolitan Cab Trade Reform League for the holding of a demonstration in Hyde Park in favour of sixpenny cab fares and the introduction of the taximeter.

Representing himself as a police officer in pursuit of a thief, Joseph Hall White, stoker, obtained a bicycle at Northampton, and yesterday he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for theft.

Mr. Plowden, the well-known metropolitan police magistrate, will celebrate his sixty-first birthday to-day, having been born on October 21, 1844.

Nearly £100,000 damage was caused by a fire at Messrs. Steiner's calico and dye works in the village of Church, near Acnington, yesterday.

LONDON PAYS ITS LAST TRIBUTE TO IRVING.



As early as six o'clock yesterday morning a huge crowd assembled in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey to pay a last tribute of respect to the great actor-manager who was buried there noon.

Aggrieved motorists alleged in the police court that Leeds constables take a delight in standing near bad crossings in the city at which the roughness of the road shakes out the motor-car lights. Then they report the drivers.

Assuring the Manchester stipendiary that he had promptly taken his wife and family out of the workhouse when given work after a two thousand miles' tramp for it, a man was acquitted of a charge of not maintaining them.

Mr. Roberts, director of the Washington Mint, gives the world's production of gold for the year 1904 at 16,793,410oz., with a value of £69,436,140; and of silver, 108,493,538oz., with a coining value of £43,570,040.

Owing to depression on the stock markets, said a City stockbroker in a statement to his creditors yesterday, he had recently lost about £11,000 by dealing in American and African securities.

Manchester is also to have its Kingsway, an ambitious scheme for a great main thoroughfare through the city having assumed definite shape.

Lord Salisbury has consented to fill the ancient office of High Steward of the borough of Hertford in succession to the late Earl Cowper, K.G.

Ingletown (Yorkshire) is looking forward to a new era of commercial prosperity owing to the discovery of a new and valuable seam of coal.

A supposed portrait of Burns, in his youth, has been discovered at Carlisle, and efforts are being made to trace an old Scotsman who sold it.

Diving into shallow water, a Morecambe tradesman, named Whiteley, dislocated his neck, and died two days afterwards.

Tramway receipts on the L.C.C. system were £225 a day more in the first week of October of this year than in 1904.

According to a Sunderland telegram, the North-Eastern Railway Company are about to electrify their system between Newcastle and Sunderland.

Leeds children are subscribing a penny each towards a gravestone for Billy, a favourite swan of the royal swan.

Twenty-five tons of sulphur caught fire on a steam barge at Liverpool, and, as it was impossible to quell the outbreak by ordinary means, the vessel was flooded.

The cracking of his whip by Joseph Brown, coal dealer, led to his death at Yeading, near Bradford, for the horse in his cart bolted, and in trying to stop it Brown was killed.

Camberwell Guardians will, at their next meeting, be recommended to establish a farm colony for the unemployed of the borough at some suitable place in the country.

American methods are to be introduced in the construction of the thirty-six miles of new sidings of the Great Central Railway at Wath-on-Deane (Yorkshire). Facilities for dealing with 5,000 mineral wagons in twenty-four hours will be provided.

Edward St. Quentin is a past-master in the art of writing a popular sea-song. "The Skipper's Wooing" and "Whell Go for a Sailor?" are two of the best we have heard for some time, and we have no doubt they will be included in many smoking-concert programmes during the coming season.

HOME RAILS RISE.

Investors Find the Market Tendency in the Right Direction.

HIGHER ALL ROUND.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—Far and away the most encouraging feature of the Stock Exchange to-day was the change for the better in Lombard-street. It was no longer dear money. Bankers were quite ready to say that they never thought that there was anything really serious in the position, even though a week or so ago their faces were as long as their arms.

Everybody, in fact, in banking circles seemed most knowing about the future. We were not to expect cheap money, of course, but the worst was over, and so on. The Bank is annexing all the gold that arrives in the open market, and there is talk of better Reserves.

Consols are accordingly a little inclined to improve at 88½, and Home Railway business is encouraged. The good point of improving trade and the absence of money fears seem told on the market, and the close was very confident indeed. Practically everything was higher, Midland and Furness stocks being put up on amalgamation talk, Dover "A" and Chatham issues largely bought on the coming further developments at the Port of Dover, and, in fact, everything finishing at the best.

Home Rails seemed to be "catching on" with the investor, and so long as the position is not spoiled by over-speculation, the market tendency is the right way.

RECOVERY IN AMERICANS.

There was a good recovery in Americans. New York had improved overnight, the Berlin and other Continental selling, noticeable recently, came to an end, and New York not only accepted our advanced prices in the afternoon, but put things still better, and less pessimism was expressed about the money outlook in America. Here, again, the close was confident.

Naturally, with Americans recovering there was also a disposition for Canadian Rails to improve, and a good deal of buying took place. But there was still some hesitation in Foreign Rails. Profit-taking was encouraged during the period of money uncertainty, and the usual buyers stood aloof.

The "bear" attacks on copper in America do not seem to have greatly alarmed the copper share market, and it soon recovered from yesterday's temporary spasm. Both Rio Tinto and Anacondas were advanced.

The Continental bourses were not particularly cheerful, and so prices were merely steady in the Foreign market as a whole, but the feeling was a little better, and the idea about the Russian loan is that it will not be forthcoming yet awhile. The gamble in Buenos Ayres Provincial Cédulas seems to be checked.

TRADE SECURITIES BOUGHT.

Trade securities are still on the up grade, buying of iron and steel shares continuing, with some attention to shipping and banking securities. With the change for the better in the markets, some of the gambling groups were also firmer. For instance, Chinese things, like Pekin Syndicates, recovered. Hudson's Bays, too, quickly responded to the better feeling in Canadian Rails, and touched 80½.

It was extremely satisfactory to find the liquidation ceasing in Kafirs. Consequently the market quickly showed signs of recovery. Goldfields, as usual, were the centre round which rumours were rife. In the morning the periodical one of coming fresh capital was talked about, but when the market recovered this was forgotten, and the dividend and report forecasts took their place. But though Kafirs recovered so smartly, some of the other mining groups, notably Westralians, were not so firm. Perhaps the best spot was the Le Roi group outside the Kafir area.

KINGSTON'S NEW HIPPODROME.

Twenty thousand £1 shares in the Kingston Hippodrome, Limited, are now offered to the public at par.

As its title denotes, the company has been formed for the purpose of erecting a high-class hippodrome and palace of varieties in the royal borough and fashionable riverside resort of Kingston-on-Thames.

Nelson Carnival and Firework Display. . .

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

LORD NELSON'S LUCK.

ABOUT the Trafalgar anniversary there requires first of all to be said this: that no one need be thought unpatriotic or unappreciative of Nelson's genius if he does not go out into the streets to wave flags and sing "Rule, Britannia."

The celebration might have been made national if it had been properly taken in hand. To leave it to private enterprise was to court failure. It left the road open to the self-advertiser, and when the self-advertiser steps in the sensible, level-headed sections of the British public usually make haste to step out. That seems to have happened now. Yet it must not be supposed, even though the "celebration" shows a tendency to fizzle, that there is any lack of interest in Nelson or his great victory which saved England from Napoleon 100 years ago to-day.

Nelson was a hero after the Englishman's own heart. He did great things, and he knew he had done them, and he felt capable of doing more. There was no mock-modesty about him. Like Admiral Togo, he always attributed his success to the favouring aid of a Higher Power. But, under God, Nelson felt himself to be an exceptional man. The British nature admires self-confidence.

Then he had that wonderful "Nelson Touch," which not only enabled him to win battles with an ease which baffled his rivals, but also struck a chord in the British heart, which never fails to respond to the right word spoken at the right moment, or the appropriate action done in the dramatic way.

If it were possible that the memory of Nelson's battles should ever fade, the famous signal would still be talked of as a memory of some mythic fight; the clapping of the spy-glass to the blind eye would still be chuckled over, and the dying commander's "Kiss me, Hardy," would never cease to move the ready tear.

Yet, great man as he beyond all question was—by this time even his left-handed love-affair is counted almost a part of his greatness—there is no denying that Nelson had luck. How many sailors, born to win fame if only the chance had come in their way, have died unhonoured and unsung these last hundred years—just because we have never had a naval war for them to shine in.

It was Nelson's good fortune to live in a day of naval warfare and to be provided with opportunities for the display of his genius. It was also his good fortune to die in the moment of his most splendid achievement. That is not the popular view, but the popular view is wrong.

Supposing Nelson had survived the Battle of Trafalgar and lived for many years. What would have become of him? He had done his work at sea. His talent for strategy would have had to "rust in him unused." A quiet life would never have suited his restless temperament. He would have tried his hand at some fresh occupation, and would probably have come to grief.

What do we collect when we think of Milborough? That he was a great general, and a *ascal* of a man. What of Wellington? A military genius, certainly, but *what a failure as a politician*. How much higher would their reputations stand if the one had died at Blenheim and the other at Waterloo!

Few great commanders, either on land or at sea, added to the lustre of their fame after they had fought their most famous fights. It was, in truth, the happiest fate that could befall the victor of Trafalgar and the lover of Lady Hamilton—to die before his fame could be tarnished by the sooty contact of a public scandal or worn down gradually by familiarity breeding contempt.

"Have you done a great deed? Then quickly die." The Greek was a wise people, and that was one of their epigrams. It fits exactly Nelson's case.

SAYINGS OF NELSON.

"Thank God! I have done my duty (his last words).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ONE wonders what surprise gift the Kaiser has in store for his consort, whose birthday it is to-morrow. He takes the greatest pains to prevent the Empress knowing anything of the present he intends to give her, and binds all those who may have knowledge of it to strict secrecy. One of the gifts which took the Kaiserin most by surprise was a white marble statue of herself, rather over life size, which was executed by Herr Carl Beggs.

The unhappy sculptor lived in fear and trembling lest the secret should leak out before the day of presentation arrived. He forbade anyone to enter his studio, and for the time being was practically shut off from the world. He had to take surreptitious sketches of the imperial lady, and by the Kaiser's arrangement was supplied with mysterious packages containing specimens of the Empress's dresses, hats, and other articles of attire. The Kaiserin's surprise, when confronted by the statue of herself, was only equalled by her gratification.

quietly out while the hymn before the sermon was being sung.

Even when the Bishop was announced to preach they persisted in this practice. So, one Sunday, on rising from prayer the congregation found the Bishop already in the pulpit. He informed them that they would dispense with a hymn in order that the sermon might be preached to the whole congregation instead of a small portion of it, and then went on to condemn strongly the practice of leaving church in the middle of the service. After this rebuke no one had the courage to leave until the Bishop had concluded his sermon.

Lady Curzon-Howe, who distributed the prizes and scholarships of the Royal School for Naval and Marine Officers' Daughters at St. Margaret's, near Richmond, yesterday, is the wife of one of the most popular officers in his Majesty's fleet. For forty-two years Rear-Admiral the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe has had R.N. to his name, and since 1896 the C.M.G. which he received for special services rendered while engaged in the protection of

Albany, stood godfather. Lady Garvagh has not escaped accidents, and met with one while motoring in France. In company with her son she made many interesting trips, and once made a tour throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

A tall, dark, handsome woman with wonderful, soft, large eyes and a slender, graceful figure, she was by birth a Baroness von Bretton, of Copenhagen, and is the only daughter of Sweden whom a British peer has taken to wife. Among all the peeresses at the Coronation of King Edward Lady Garvagh wore the most beautiful robes seen in Westminster Abbey on that memorable occasion. Her Coronation robes held an additional interest in that they had adorned other Lady Garvagh's in the past, at similar ceremonies. Lady Garvagh's love of music is well known, and her parties at No. 4, Marble Arch are among the most successful of the season.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

GOLD IN SHEEP'S TEETH.

In reply to your correspondent whose sheep's head was provided with gold-covered teeth, they are certainly of some value. The covering is worth about .24 per ounce.

GORDON OF KENNAQUHIRE.

CABMEN AND THE TAXAMETER.

If cabmen only got their proper fare, with Miss Van Tromp's 24d. over, they could not live. That is why they oppose the taximeter.

The fact is there are too many cabs plying for hire, and they are not properly distributed. At the centre there are more than enough; at the edge, even of Central London, too few.

STUDENT OF THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

Gray's Inn-square.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW BAILEY.

When Daniel O'Connell and his fellow patriots, or conspirators, were released from prison under the "Lords' writ of error" in the 'forties, I saw them leave most triumphantly in a very grand cat built for the occasion.

I think the prison was Mountjoy, and along the cemented front were cut the words: "Cease to do evil and learn to do well."

Could anything be more appropriate for our new Old Bailey?
J. M. G.
Salford-road, S.W.

NELSON'S HOME AT MERTON.

I have been reading in one of your contemporaries an article entitled, "Nelsoniana," in which mention is made of Nelson's Merton home. It is erroneously supposed that the house called Merton Abbey was the one occupied by Nelson.

Nelson's house was called Merton Place, and has been pulled down many, many years. My grandfather, the late James Hudson, who was born at Merton, and spent his long life there (ninety-seven years), and was probably the last person to wish Nelson farewell on his departure, is my authority for this.

Merton Place was purchased by a clergyman, and the beautiful place was torn to pieces, creating such a bitter feeling in the neighbourhood that the clergyman was obliged to give the district a wide berth.

FREDERICK O'HARA.
Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire.

UNITED STATES INSURANCE METHODS.

As one who has a life policy taken out in the New York Life, I am anxious to see whether my investment is likely to prove bad.

I should be very pleased to know if British policy-holders purpose taking any action in connection with the scandals now being exposed. It is becoming very evident that the particulars given in the annual reports need supplementing.

24, Claverton-street, S.W. J. S. MERCER.

I have read with the greatest interest your article on the methods of the American life offices. You are doing the public the greatest possible service by exposing these robberies.

I should like to see the opportunity of asking, through your columns, if the British offices are all that is to be desired. I suggest not.

It appears to me that the chief officials get far too high salaries, and shareholders are paid much larger dividends than they should be, as compared with the returns made to policy-holders.

The shares of these concerns should be kept at par and the dividends restricted to, say, 5 per cent., which would, even then, be a much greater percentage than is received by policy-holders.

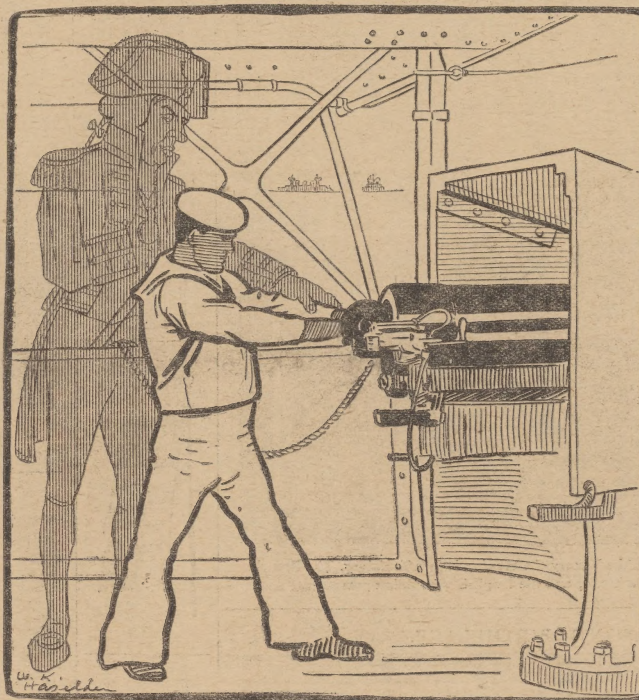
A DISSATISFIED POLICY-HOLDER.
Mayall-road, S.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 20.—These glorious hours of bright sunshine, although made cold by northerly winds, make the garden still a place of much beauty. And what a joy the lovely October sunsets are, flinging a wonderful radiance over the fading orchard trees, and even making each garden path a way of gold.

To-day we must fill our vases with the few flowers that have survived the frost. Many a bunch of roses, the latest *Michelmans* daisies, scarlet lobes, *coropsis*, *mirabilis*, can be gathered, though the days of *fall* blooms, save *chrysanthemums*, are not far distant.
E. F. T.

"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."



Britannia ruled the waves one hundred years ago, and she rules them to-day. Nelson is dead, but his spirit still lives and guides the heart and arm of the man behind the gun.

at the cleverness of the sculptor's work, which represented her in a promenade costume with a large picture hat on her head.

It is now twenty-four years since the Emperor William married Augusta Victoria, the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. His consort has always been spoken of as an ideal housewife, and she has certainly never neglected her domestic duties. But then she was early made to understand that in that direction lay her duty, for to the wife of the Emperor William no participation in political life was permissible. So, "thoroughly domesticated," like all German royalties of her sex, she has given more time than most Englishwomen do to personal supervision of her kitchens and such-like domestic interests. An excellent cook herself, she could, if necessary, send up a perfect dinner to table.

Since he succeeded Canon Gore at Westminster, Bishop Welldon, who will offer the special prayer at the Nelson Centenary celebrations in Trafalgar-square to-day, has been less in the public eye than as headmaster of Harrow or as the chief Church ecclesiastical dignitary in Calcutta. The effects of malaria fever, which laid him low in India, take a long time to wear off, and Dr. Welldon has been compelled strictly to limit the number of his public engagements. Before he was attacked by malaria the Bishop could endure fatigue as well as the hardest of mortals, and a good story is told of the rebuke he administered to a congregation of a Calcutta church. "With most of them in that exhausting climate it had become a habit to slip

the Newfoundland fisheries. Naval A.D.C. to the late Queen, and, after her death, to King Edward, he is a perfect courtier and persona grata to both Sovereigns. As a descendant of the great Earl Howe, of the "Glorious First of June" fame, he may be called a sailor by birth as well as by inclination.

When second in command of the Channel Squadron, in 1893, he received the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honour from President Loubet, when the latter visited Algiers. For half a century only one other British naval officer had been permitted to accept a decoration at the hands of the head of the French nation. His courtesy to his subordinates is delightful to witness, and their appreciation of this trait in his character is very marked. As captain of the Britannia, he was receiving the then First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Goschen, on board, and had the thoughtfulness to introduce his warrant-officers to the distinguished visitor, who shook hands with each of them in turn. The effect upon the warrant-officers may be judged from the appreciative comments which appeared in the next issue of the journal devoted exclusively to their interests, concluding with the suggestion, "Why are not all captains as thoughtful as this when opportunity offers?"

So enthusiastic is Lady Garvagh as a motorist that she has just made the return journey from her native place in Sweden to London by motor-car, as far as possible. This enthusiasm is shared by her only son, the Hon. Leopold Canning, to whom, one may recall, the late Prince Leopold, Duke of

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL: "ENGLAND EXPECTS THE FAMOUS PICTURE,"

ENGLAND



THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.



Nelson seated in his cabin on the Victory the evening before Trafalgar. The French had escaped from Cadiz, and the English were in hot pursuit.

EXPECTS



THE FAMOUS PICTURE,



In the cockpit of the Victory. This is by far the most dangerous place to meet the enemy.

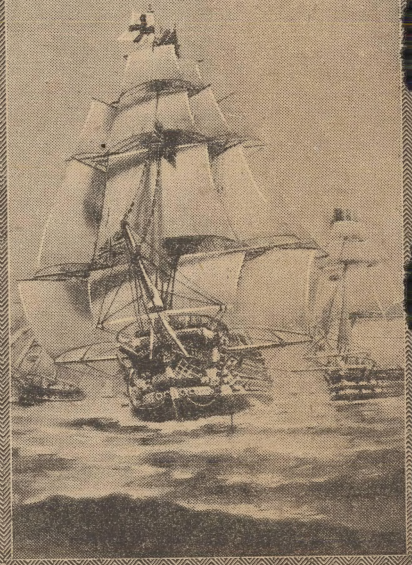
MAN



WILL



UNDER FULL SAIL.



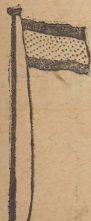
The Victory, Nelson's flagship, as she bore down on the enemy at Trafalgar a hundred years ago, under full canvas. For years she has been the attraction in Portsmouth Harbour.

NELSON'S BIRTHPLACE.



Above is shown the Rectory at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, where Nelson was born; below is a picture of the school, showing the desk at which he sat.

D



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IS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

DEATH OF NELSON.



of the death scene. The artist, A. W. Devis, went out on her making studies,

HONOUR NELSON'S MEMORY.

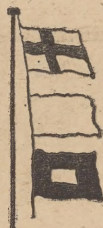


Nelson's Column in Trafalgar-square, decorated in honour of the hundredth anniversary of his great naval victory at Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

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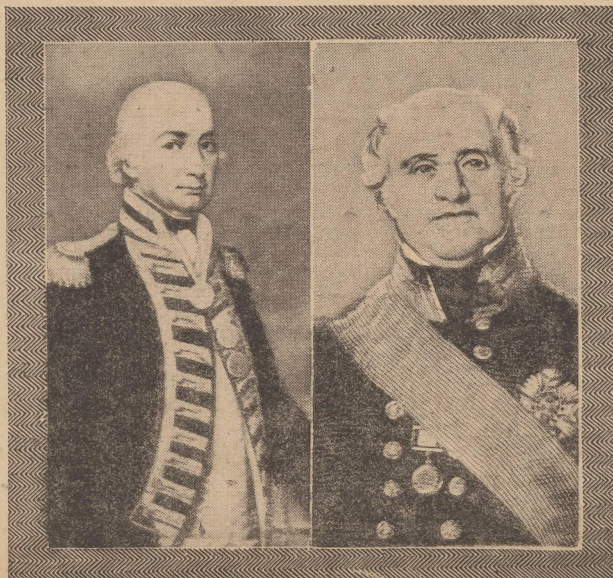


ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF LADY HAMILTON.



She began life as a labourer's daughter, but ultimately became the wife of an Ambassador. Nelson was infatuated with her, and spoke of her as "an honour to her sex."

HEROES OF THE BATTLE.



On the right is Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's flag-captain on the Victory, and Vice-Admiral Collingwood (on the left), who assumed command of the fleet after Nelson's death.

EVERY



HIS



Y



Mechanical Toys and New Card Games for the Festive Season.

Once more Christmas is within sight and the shops are gay with Christmas toys and games. This year some old favourites must go to the wall in favour of younger and fresher rivals. The one-time favourite card game "Pat," for instance, has been superseded by "Quit." "Quit" is a game of skill as well as of chance," said Mr. Hamley, when showing his newest games and toys to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and is interesting, bright, and at the same time easy. It has already had a large sale. Each of the fifty-six cards bears a letter and a number. The object of the game is to win 100 points and to run out of cards."

TYPEWRITERS FOR FIVE SHILLINGS. "Veto," or Retaliation versus Free Trade is another very popular card game, showing in amusing pictures the differences of the two political parties.

Toys are more elaborate than ever. There are real typewriters for 5s., real phonographs for 2s. 6d., and the very latest thing in musical boxes, an upright stand hung with bells and worked by clock-work.

The latest novelty of all is a flying machine, built on exactly the same principle as that at Earl's Court. It can be had for 4s. 9d.

Another mechanical toy is the funicular railway, of which one truck automatically discharges its cargo of marbles at the bottom, while the other reloads at the top. Unbreakable toys are a great feature.

A NELSON SOUVENIR.
"Observer" Republishes the Report of His Funeral from Its Columns of 1805.

An interesting souvenir of Nelson will be published by the "Observer" to-morrow in the shape of the report from its columns of 1805 of Nelson's funeral.

One hundred years ago the "Observer" was London's leading weekly newspaper, a position which it still holds to-day.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER LII. (continued).

Strange happenings thrill the world from end to end.

He was away a week, and she heard nothing beyond a short telegram announcing his safe arrival. She lived her usual life, with that dark dream always with her, so that she dared not trust herself to think of what might be happening in Berlin.

Then, one morning, she drove into Mirmont to do some necessary shopping. She noticed a strange stir among the people; she saw that all the flags were flying at the half-mast; she heard the slow tolling of bells from the cathedral and many other churches. She was filled with a nameless fear.

"What is the matter?" she asked of the assistant who served her in a large bookshop where she was buying as many new volumes as she could see to while away the tedium of her days.

"The Gnädige Frau lives in the country, perhaps," the man answered. "She has not heard this morning's sad news?"

"No—what is it?" She could hardly hear her own voice.

"The old Emperor of Styria is dead, Gnädige Frau."

Fay breathed a sigh of unutterable relief.

"Oh! Of course, he was very old."

"And his Majesty was also the great-uncle of our Grand Duchess," explained the assistant.

"That is why Gnädige Frau notices special signs of mourning."

"Of course," she murmured. "I had forgotten."

"It will mean trouble, Gnädige Frau," the assistant went on. In private life he was a keen politician.

"Gnädige Frau has heard, of course, of the disturbances in the dual kingdom. The kingdom of Logary, they say, needs but this event to break away from Styria altogether. The old Emperor was personally beloved, but now that he is dead—ah, and they say that our own Kaiser is the idol of the Logarians. There will be stirring times, Gnädige Frau."

Fay paid her bill, hardly listening, and took her departure. What mattered it to her if all the crowned heads in the world died, so long as he was safe?

When she reached Schloss Ludwigsruhe the dignified Groom of the Chambers came to meet her in the hall.

"Excellent," he said in the voice that made her heart beat like a sledge-hammer, because it heralded only one announcement, "his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke, is in the rose boudoir."

Fay ran up the stairs as if she had wings; but, though her heart thrilled and sang, the dark fear kept pace with her footsteps.

And her first glance at the Grand Duke confirmed her fear. It was no longer vague. There was something very tangible in the intense gravity of his handsome face.

He came towards her, with his light, firm step and took her into his arms and kissed her in silence.

Through the silence she heard her own heart-beats. "Something has happened!" she murmured.

"Something that will part us—that will take you away from me?"

"Nothing shall ever part us," he answered with suppressed fierceness. "Nothing, Geliebte—only death."

"Then what is it? Why are you so grave? Why are you here?"

"I ought not to be here," he answered, speaking very rapidly and in a low, explanatory voice. "I am not supposed to be in Mirmont at all. I am going straight back to Berlin when I leave here. Strahlenfels is waiting for me with the car a little way from the Schloss. I wanted to see you, I had to see you—I wanted you to be the first to know."

"To know what? What is it, Carlo? Why do you hesitate? I know it is something that has come between us—I feel it, I have felt it all the time. When you went away, I knew that things would—would never be the same again."

"But they will be the same," he assured her, smiling tenderly into her anxious face. "Nothing can change them, Geliebte; not really. I shall love you always; always you will be the only woman in the world for me. Only—well, it has been difficult for me to see you as much as I want to. Why, I would never leave your side, and yet I have to be contented with a few stolen hours! Well—now, if things happen as they are planned, it will be more difficult still. That is why I am grave, because nothing matters to me but to be with you and try to make you happy, but I am not my own master. I am as much a slave as any poor wretch toiling in the mines. And they will not let me alone."

"They" was a comprehensive term, but suddenly she grasped what he meant. It was an inspiration.

"Carlo, has it anything to do with the old Emperor of Styria's death?" she asked breathlessly.

"So you have heard?"

"Yes, I was in Mirmont this morning. I noticed the signs of mourning. They told me that

(Continued on page 13.)

A Few Frivolities Scissored from Comic Publications.

"What makes the street-cars so crowded to-night?"

"The passengers. Give me a harder one."

"Cleland-Plain Dealer."

Alton: Some people carry a joke too far.

Balton: Yes. Old Panton carried one of his to twelve different newspapers and couldn't sell it then.—Judge.

"I think," said the strong-minded female, "that women should be permitted to whistle, don't you?"

"Certainly," replied the cynical bachelor. "There is no earthly reason why women should be denied the privilege accorded to locomotives and tug-boats."—National Hotel Reporter.

"Papa, is Time an old man?"

"Very, my son."

"And bald-headed?"

"Why—er—yes."

"Then how can he be taken by the forelock?"

"Life."

She: How do you know that you want to marry me?

He: Because I love you.

She: How do you know you love me?

He: Because I want to marry you.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"When you sold me this watch," said the customer, "you said it would work like a charm."

"Yes, sir," replied the jeweller.

"Well, suppose you sell me the charm now. Perhaps that will work like a watch."—Philadelphia Press.

A priest asked a young man, who had come to confess, how he earned his living.

"I'm an acrobat, your reverence."

The priest was nonplussed.

"I'll show ye what I mean in a brace of shakes," said the penitent, and in a moment was turning himself in the most approved acrobatic fashion.

An old woman, who had followed him to confession, looked on horrified. "When it comes to my turn, father," she gasped, "for the love of heaven don't put a penance on me like that; it'd be the death of me!"—The Ram's Horn.

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- 2.—THE TOWER OF LONDON;
- 3.—SIMPSON'S-IN-THE-STRAND.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY, beyond question the most interesting Christian edifice in the Universe. Founded by the Anglo-Saxon King Sebert -

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SIMPSON'S-IN-THE-STRAND, originally The Fountain Tavern, established - - - - -

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Renowned throughout the world for its Good Old English Fare. Saddles of Southdown Mutton, Sirloins of Prime Scotch Beef, Splendid Salmon and Turbot, Fine Stilton and Cheddar Cheeses, and old Burgundies and Port.

Simpson's Cut Off the Joint Dinner (2s. 6d., including vegetables, bread, cheese, butter, and salad) appeals to every class of Society.

VICTORIOUS NEW ZEALANDERS.



The New Zealanders continued their all-conquering career by defeating Gloucester on Thursday by 44 points to nil. The photograph shows the ball being thrown in from touch.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING AT ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET.

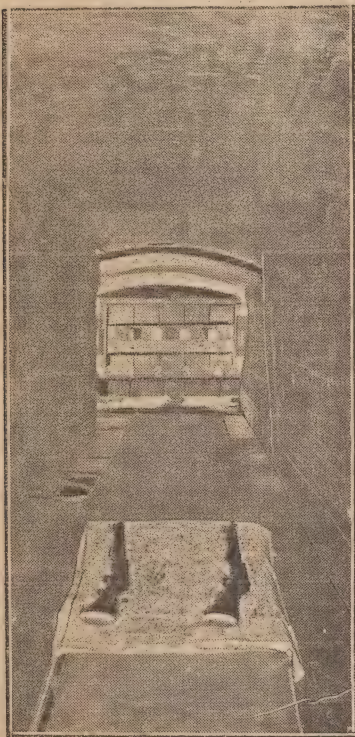


Miss M. Lithgow, of Farnborough, who will be married to—



—Captain John Dauncey, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, to-day.—(Thomson.)

RIFLE RANGE IN A CHURCH VAULT.



The Westminster County Council has presented this subterranean rifle range in the vaults of St. Martin's-in-the-Field to a club composed of the borough employees. It will be opened to-day by Lord Roberts.

ENTENTE CORDIALE MUNICIPALE DINNER.

SAVOY HOTEL LONDON

Oct 20th 1905

ENTENTE CORDIALE MUNICIPALE
Dinner given to the
PARIS CONSEIL MUNICIPAL
by the Deputy Chairmen of the London County Council
at 64 Chiffard Place

MENU.
Barquette d'Escargots au beurre.
Potage de Carottes.
Consommé Océan.
Suprême de Sole à la Edouard VII.
Bœuf à la Louis XV.
Bouche Reine d'Alexandre.
Caille de vigne à la Cambon.
Baron de Béthune à la Broussin.
Haricots verts fins herbés.
Pommes Grenadier.
Punch Paris-Londres.
Faisan d'Espagne à la Cornwall.
Salade Mari-nue.
Fonds d'Artichauts à la Marseillaise.
Boeuf à la Bourguignonne.
Savoury Bouquet d'Herbes.
Café.

Last night the Paris Councillors now in London were entertained by the deputy-chairman of the L.C.C. (Lieutenant-Colonel Clifford Probyn) at the Savoy Hotel. The above is a reproduction of the artistic menu.

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AND ALL SKIN DISEASES

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Wholesale price £5 18 6
An astounding Bargain.
£10,000 STOCK TO BE MASSIVE BRASS and enameled full-sized Bedstead fitted with woven-wire mattress. French overlay, bolster and two pillows, all complete. £1 19 6
This is an irresistible Bargain.

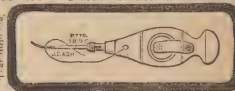
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Sample set fitted with steel blade and best Boxwood handle, with 6 assorted safety razors, with 6 needles, 26 ct., and two POOR MANS' W.L. is 1/6 each, with one 1/2 extra. To be had on 1/6 from J. C. S.H. Inventor and Patentee, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.

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OUR SATURDAY CHILDREN'S CORNER—PRIZE AWARDS AND A NEW COMPETITION.

THE ELEPHANT PICTURE.

WINNERS OF PRIZES AND HONOURABLE MENTIONS.

I think the picture of Mr. Elephant with his top-hat on his head, his pincenez on his nose, and his cigar correctly held in his trunk, was a very funny one, and that is an opinion I am sure was shared by the children, who sent in the picture in vast numbers.

The first prize of 5s. for the very best Mr. Elephant is awarded to Joan Payne, aged seven and a half, Hakone, Windermere-road, Bournemouth. Joan mounted her picture upon a sheet of brown paper, and made a very effective affair of it. The second prize of 2s. 6d. is won by G. H. Hardy, aged eleven, 46, Maresfield-street, Balth. I have often asked our competitors to write their first name in full, so that I may be able to judge whether a boy or girl is competing. I think G. H. Hardy is a boy, but, of course, I may be mistaken. Very likely he did not know our rules.

The third prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Lilian Symons, aged six, 9, George-street, Bury, Cornwall, whose effort is an excellent one for her age. She is evidently a little girl with very neat fingers and deft ways. As for the fourth prize of 2s. 6d., it goes to Mervyn A. Quarrington, 30, Huntley-road, South Norwood, S.E., whose age is also six years, and whose picture is very creditable.

Try, Try Again.

Honourable mentions are awarded to William Payne, 4a, Ceylon-road, West Kensington, W., who says he spoilt two pictures before he succeeded in satisfying himself in the production of the one he sent in, and is determined to try again until he wins a prize. He was very near winning one this week. Raymond Charles Oake, 9, Clavelly-grove, Church End, Finchley, N.; Hubert Hutton, 33, Borefair, Kidderminster; Harry Collis, Wolverton Stables, 37, The Avenue, Bickenham; Leonard Pilbeam, 12, Mantua-street, Clapham Junction; Jessie Eaton, 65, Oakdale-road, Leytonstone; Eva Warren, Ravenswood, Beech-grove, Whitcham; and Dorothy M-will, 46, Edge-lane, Liverpool, are all on the list of honourable mentions. Dorothy Mowll tells me that she would have sent a picture last week, but the scissors slipped when she was cutting the square out, and her father could not get another *Daily Mirror* for her to try her skill upon over again. I am very glad that did not deter Dorothy from making her very excellent picture of this week, and I hope she will try, try, try again, and in time win a prize.

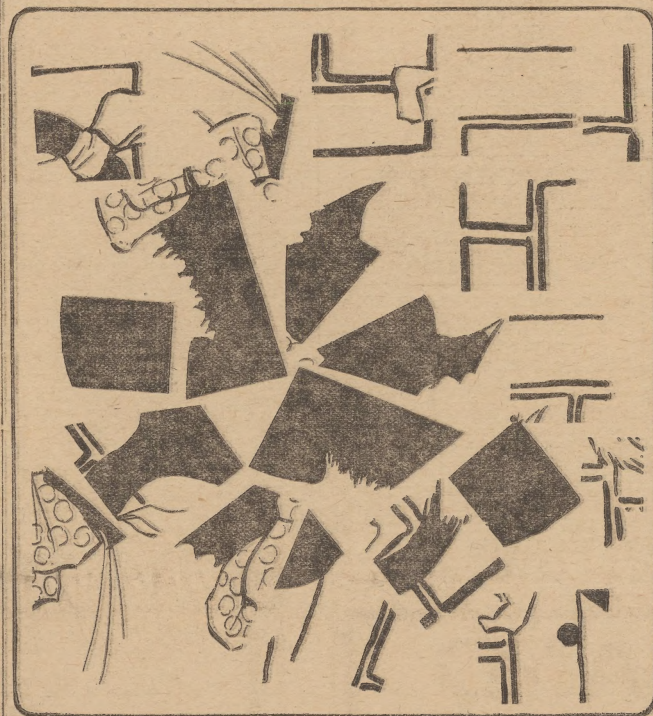
Dudley White, 396, Oxford-street, W., whose age is eight years, receives an honourable mention from our artist, and I specially commend his picture because of the pains he has taken to mount it with gold and coloured pieces of paper, which I fancy have figured upon cigar-boxes in a previous state.

Lionel Smith, 7, Pembroke-road, Orford-road,

Walthamstow, who is nine years of age, is also given an honourable mention. Lionel tells me a sad story about the Dutch Bay competition that he sent in. Unfortunately the picture was returned to him by the postal authorities owing to a mistake made in the dispatch of the parcel, so when Lionel received it he had to pay a penny for it, and was very disappointed indeed because he thought at the moment that it was a prize coming to him. His picture this week has been delivered all right at the *Daily Mirror* office, and, as I said before, it has been awarded an honourable mention. Lionel is laid up with a hurt foot, he tells me. I do hope

that it will soon be quite well, and that he will be able to run to the post himself then with his contributions.

To-day's picture is of the same character as the previous ones of this kind that have proved so very popular. What the children have to do is to cut the pieces out very carefully, and then paste them together to make a correct picture. Neatness counts as well as accuracy. All contributions should be addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., and may be sent in up till the first post on Wednesday morning, October 25.



To-day's competition picture, full particulars concerning which will be found in the adjoining letterpress.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

he was dead. But, Carlo, what difference can it make to you?"

"They want to make me a king," he said simply. "You mean, your cousin, the Kaiser does? Ah, I see! Of course, I see!" She knew a great deal about European politics, and it had not needed an assistant in a book store in Mirmont to inform her that the Kaiser on several occasions had found means of gratifying himself with the Logarians people, stirred as they had been of late years to an impatient revolt against the old man who had ruled them from the capital of Styria, fearful as they were of being forced, little by little, into losing their nationality. It was true, she knew, that the Emperor William was the idol of this proud and patriotic people. The rest was easy to guess. Now that the old Emperor was dead, the last restraining tie was broken, and the Kaiser meant to place a German prince on the separate throne of Logary.

"You know," said the Grand Duke, "that the Logarians are bent on separation from Styria. Nothing else will satisfy them. They want their own king, their own parliament, above all, their own language. They will accept anybody the

Kaiser chooses to give them. And he has chosen me."

"And the heir, the Archduke Eugen, what of him?" asked Fay. For the moment personalities were forgotten in the stir of this European complication.

"He is detested, even in Styria," said the Grand Duke. "He is weak and nerveless. That is the Kaiser's chance. Styria was sold for the Emperor, but the Archduke Eugen has not a single friend. When the old Emperor was known to be dying, the Kaiser sent for me. That is all, Geliebte. I need not explain to you any more; you know as much about these things as I do."

The girl was silent for a moment; then she looked up at him with ineffable pride.

"It is a great destiny, Carlo. What possibilities I see! You may become the ruler, not only of Logary, but of the whole Slavonic race. Of course, I see now—the Grand Duchess—the Princess Oulie—"

"Her mother was a Logarian—yes, that is why the Kaiser wished me to marry her. The people would naturally welcome her."

"It is a great destiny!" murmured the girl again. There was a strange, faraway look in her eyes.

"At first," he said suddenly, "I refused point blank."

"Carlo! Why?"

"Because of you; because I knew that it would make things so much more difficult."

She gave him a wonderful smile. Is there a woman who would not thrill at the thought that a man had refused a throne for her sake?

"It is a poor spirit, you will think," he said, a little whimsical smile on his fair face, "for a man who is to be made a king."

"How could I think it a poor spirit," she said softly, "when it was because of me? Oh, Carlo, but you must not refuse!"

"Even now I would—if you told me to."

"But I do not. I cannot. It is your duty; you are born to such things. No, no, my Carlo, you must be a splendid king. You must not think of me."

"But how can I help thinking of you?" he cried. "Are you not always in my mind? Do I not count the long weary hours that have to be got

through before I can see you again? Do I not begin to count them the moment I have left you? And am I to go from here to rule over a strange people, whose language I do not even know? What sort of a king do you suppose I shall make, Geliebte, when my heart is always full of you?"

The girl drew in a long breath. The faraway look in her eyes deepened; she spoke in a whisper. "You must do your duty, Carlo. I feel that it is your duty; and, oh, I am so proud that you have chosen this!"

"But you must come with me, Geliebte. Where I go you must go. I cannot—I will not lose you. And it will be difficult, very difficult. They will watch my every movement—goodbye to this peaceful obscurity, to my good, handsome people, who love me! I shall be like a new master in a big school—everyone will watch me, the other masters, the pupils, the servants. And anything—"

his voice broke on a hoarse, angry note—"anything about you—they would never understand. How can anybody ever understand what you are to me?"

"We must be brave," she said steadily, "and you must not give them any reason to misunderstand."

Suddenly he gripped her shoulders and looked searchingly into her face.

"What is it?" he asked. "Why did that sudden coldness come into your voice, Geliebte? Is it that you see, as I do, how ever strongly we rebel against it, however hateful and intolerable the thought may be, that this will must inevitably make a change that, little though we have been able to be to each other, we shall have to be less. And how can I bear that?" he cried passionately. "How can you?"

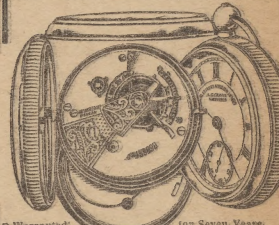
(To be continued.)

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